

# NEWS for the YOUNG PEOPLE

## AMUSING GAMES OF MARBLES

"Bounce Eye" Is Played While Standing Perpendicular, Letting the Marble Drop to Ground.

Every boy likes to play a good game of marbles. Here is one that perhaps you do not know. Do you know one called "Bounce Eye"? It is played by several boys who each put down a marble in a small ring. One player then stands in a perpendicular position over the cluster of marbles, and, taking his own bounce in his hand, lets it fall from his eye on to the heap, and those forced out of the ring by this method are considered won. If he does not succeed in this, and his marble falls within the ring, it belongs to the common stock, and is there impounded.

There is another game called "Conqueror," which is extensively played in some places. A piece of hard ground,



Marble Games.

free from stones, is chosen for the spot. The first player lays his marble on the ground, and the second throws his own at it with all his force, and endeavors to break it. If he succeeds, his marble counts one, and the vanquished player lays down another marble. If two players have marbles that have already vanquished others, the "Conqueror" counts all the conquered of the other party in addition to his own. For example, suppose A, being the conqueror of twenty, breaks B, also a conqueror of twenty. A counts forty-one; i. e., twenty of his own, twenty for the vanquished belonging to B, and one for B itself.

Nuts, chestnuts and other similar objects are also employed in this game, only they are fastened to a string, and swung against the opponent, instead of being thrown.

## PAPER AND PENCIL PASTIME

Interesting and Instructive Way of Passing Evening or Rainy Afternoon—Several Can Play.

An interesting yet instructive way of spending an evening or a dull, rainy afternoon can be done with the aid of a few pieces of paper and pencils. Poetry making, crambos, paro-



Paper and Pencil Games.

dies and conglomeration are among the games that can be played.

For poetry making each writes a line of poetry on a sheet of paper, and then passes it on to his neighbor, who must write a line that will rhyme with the preceding one, and pass it on to the third person, who, in turn, will write another line to rhyme with the one above, and so on around the table.

In crambos each writes one or two nouns on one slip and a question on another; or both may be written on one. All are shuffled and drawn. An answer to the question must be written in verse, bringing the nouns.

For making parodies each writes a parody involving a certain idea or word, in the measure of some well-known poem.

In conglomeration each takes six slips and writes a word on each. These are shuffled, and each drawing six slips must write a sentence containing all the words. Other words may be added or not as the company decides.

### THE MOTH.

I found him sitting on a rose;  
He was so fine and small  
'Tis almost to exaggerate  
To say he was, at all.

He stood and tilted on my hand;  
He stepped as if he thought;  
His tiny sails of white and blue,  
Of sheerest fancy wrought.

He sailed and fanned, and fanned again,  
And still he would not go—  
The common air was all too rough  
To trust his shallop to.

Back to his rose I bore him then;  
He launched without delay,  
And on the breathing of the rose  
Was spirited away.

—Alice Reid, in St. Nicholas.

### Interesting to Know.

Both Harvard and John Hopkins universities are trying to find out whether the education of animals is accomplished by the gift of imitation or the force of instinct.

### Teach Children to Swim.

School children in Germany are taught to swim by going through the motions without entering the water.

## BUSY MISS MINNIE.



Miss Minnie is so busy  
She has no time for play;  
She has her dolls to tidy up,  
And their things to put away.

There are their clothes to darn and mend,  
And sweeping, too, to do,  
And if one of the dolls falls ill  
She must make for it a stew.

And every afternoon at five  
Some friends drop in for tea,  
And that is why Miss Minnie is  
As busy as can be.

## LITTLE THINGS "MAKE" BOYS

Grandmother Tells the Youngsters the Proper Thing to Do to Become Known as Gentlemen.

Grandmother always knew just the proper thing for a boy to do, and sometimes she would get her grandsons together, and, peering over the tops of her glasses severely, would say to them:

"Boys, if you want to be known as little gentlemen remember that the following things should be done:

"Hat lifted in saying 'Good-by' or 'How do you do?'"

"Hat lifted when offering a seat in a car or in acknowledging a favor."

"Keep step with any one you walk with."

"Always precede a lady upstairs and ask her if you may precede her in passing through a crowd or public place."

"Hat off the moment you enter a street door and when you step into a private hall or office."

"Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her."

"In the parlor stand till every lady in the room is seated, also older people."

"Rise if a lady comes in after you are seated and stand until she takes a seat."

"Look people straight in the face when speaking or being spoken to."

"Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them."

"In the dining room take your seat after ladies and elders."

"Never play with knife, fork or spoon."

"Do not take your napkin in a bunch in your hand."

"Eat as fast or as slow as others and finish the course when they do."

"Rise when ladies leave the room and stand till they are out. If all go out together gentlemen stand by the door till ladies pass."

"Special rules for the mouth are that all noise in eating and smacking of the lips should be avoided."

"Cover the mouth with hand or napkin when obliged to remove anything from it."

"Use your handkerchief unobtrusively always."

"Always knock at any private room door."

## FEW POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS

Many Little Things That Betoken Good or Bad Luck—Falling Upstairs Is Sign of Wedding.

It is said that if a black cat follows you it betokens good luck, but if a cat leaves the house which has been its home some misfortune is about to happen.

If you put on your stocking or sock the wrong side out it is lucky, but if you change it to the right side nothing will come of it.

If, when unfolding clean linen, you find a diamond-shaped crease, this is a sign of death within a year.

Never let a child look into a mirror till it is a twelve-month old, or ill luck will follow it through life.

If you cannot get a fire to burn, your sweet heart is in a bad temper.

To stumble on going upstairs is a sure sign of a wedding; two spoons in one saucer the same.

If you cut a baby's nails instead of biting them, it will be light-fingered.

To open an umbrella in a house is a portent of misfortune; to drop one, a disappointment; but if anyone else picks it up the disappointment passes on to him or her.

If a piece of cotton gets into a girl's hair it is a sure sign of a letter; but the cotton must not be removed by a stranger, or no letter will come.

## PUT MOTOR IN REAR WHEEL

Interesting Method for Motorcycle Construction Is Shown in the Illustration—Out of the Way.

An interesting idea for motorcycle construction is shown in the illustration. The motor is within the rear

Motor in Rear Wheel.

wheel instead of being set in the frame, where it is always more or less in the way.

# Mr. Manton's Methods

By CLAUDINE SISSON

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Life was very easy for Gordon Manton, bachelor. He had the fortune left by an aunt—he had very few worries—he was a bachelor with no thought of marriage—he had no lads to keep him awake at night.

Mr. Manton could have spared the money to build three or four free libraries, but he didn't build them. In a vague way he realized that the world ought to be made better, but he knew that it was a sure thing the first man he reproved for profanity would hit him on the jaw. The poor suffered for ice in summer and for coal in winter; but the rich suffered from imposters, thieves and burglars the year round, and that appeared to be an offset.

He had only to glance over his morning paper, to see that this was a very wicked world. It ought to be so, however, to furnish a contrast to Heaven. If the world were good enough then what would become of the arguments of priests and ministers?

One summer afternoon Mr. Manton lay down on the lounge for a nap. He knew that thousands of the men around him couldn't indulge in this luxury and earn their bread at the same time, but in a sleepy way he reflected that those thousands had their glasses of beer every night, while he positively disliked the liquid. He had slept for an hour when he quietly awoke to find an intruder in his room. It was a ragged girl of fifteen. She was down on her knees rifling a bureau.

"If you knocked or rang I didn't hear you," he said as he sat up.

The girl rose up and looked him in the eyes for half a minute.

"It was over the roofs and through the window for me. You were sleep-



Hit With a Sandbag.

ing so nicely I thought I wouldn't wake you up. What are you going to do with me?"

"Nothing."

"But I'm caught with the goods on!"

"Looks like it, but when the ice man, the coal man, the tailor, the grocer, the dry-goods man and the shoemaker are grafting on me why should I make an example of you? The other day some one stuck me with a bogus half-dollar. Did I throw it into the ash can? No, ma'am! I went half a mile out of my way to buy cigarettes and work that coin off on the tobaccoist. I'm what they call an honest man, and yet I did that."

"Then it ain't the coop for me," asked the girl.

"Not at all. That would simply be one more person behind the bars, and what would that amount to? I'm not even going to ask you to be good. To get into that window you must have incurred a big risk. I shall let you out by the door. If my landlady sees you she will raise a great howl because I let you go, but the other day I left a dollar on the rug to test her honesty and she pocketed it."

"Would you mind if I fell in love with you?" asked the girl after a long silence. "My name is Janet, and I have never met a man like you. We can't get married, of course, but I should like to be in love to see how it seems."

"Then go right ahead. You are entitled to your romance as much as any other woman."

"Thanks. I'm sorry I was going to rob you."

"Not at all. Do you find any of the trusts apologizing?"

"I most think I will give up stealing."

"Might think it over, but don't act on impulse. That is, don't give up stealing and turn to something worse, as many reformers have done. Tell you what you might do, though, to make the old town assume a more artistic look. You might wash your face and comb your hair and sew up some of the rents in your wardrobe. And now I think I will bow you out."

As he held the door open for her to pass out she was smoothing back her tangled hair and showing more shame than when caught plundering. The rebuke had hurt.

Almost every morning Mr. Manton had a stroll. During an evening he sometimes sauntered through the tenement streets. On a certain evening as he sauntered he was hit across the back of the neck with a sandbag

and went down. When he recovered consciousness he was in a bare room, hands and feet tied, and a couple of hard-looking men waiting for the event. They had gone through him, but that was a mere trifle. They wanted five thousand dollars to give him his liberty. Mr. Manton didn't rage. It was a straight business proposition. Only that day he had read of thirteen members of a state legislature being arrested for offering to sell themselves. Was this crime worse? He didn't charge that it was. He simply refused to buy himself at the sum named.

The kidnappers were not cruel men. They simply wanted their money. They fed their captive and waited with what patience they could. And then one night came Janet. She entered by the skylight, but her hands and face were clean and her hair brushed. She cast the captive loose and, then said:

"I ain't stole a thing since that day."

"That's pretty fair," replied Mr. Manton.

"And don't you think I look nicer?" "You surely do."

"It's because you let me fall in love with you. I want to please, you know. An uncle of mine is in this job. Going to bring the cops down on him when you get out?"

"Not at all, young woman. Two weeks ago a real estate man who is called eminently respectable came near beating me out of twenty thousand dollars. Why should I blame a couple of men not so eminently respectable for trying to do me out of a quarter of that sum?"

"I guess you'll be glad to hear I've got a place in a box factory at four dollars a week?"

"Yes, that's good. Most all thieves, robbers and burglars admit there's no profit in their trade."

"You rather be loved by a factory girl than by a thief, I know. I'm thinking of you most all the time. Well, we've got to shn up the rope and make over the roofs."

Fifteen minutes later Mr. Manton was on the street and walking homewards. He met several patrolmen and passed two police stations, but he had nothing to say. Janet's uncle and his pal had tried to extort money from him, which is a prison offense. He passed hundreds of buildings whose owners were squeezing the tenants down to the last cent to pile up their own profits. Why not a law to punish them?

Two weeks later the bachelor received a scrawl on a postal card which read:

"I guess you'll be glad to hear my wages have ris to five dollars a week. Janet."

Yes; he was glad. It was three months before another card came. It read:

"My wages has ris to six dollars a week and I have a bow, but I'm loving you still."

Then a year passed, and a third card announced a "ris" to eight dollars and "more love" and four months later the climax:

"I am now the 4 lady, and have got married to Tony Griggs, but he says I may still love you. Respectably, yours, Janet."

"And if I had preached reform to her where would she have been?" asked the bachelor of himself as he laid down the postal. "Seems to me it's just about as well to let things work out by themselves!"

### Hail.

Hail is the frozen precipitation from the air that belongs to the summer while snow belongs to the winter. Hailstones clash together in the air, and the sound of an approaching or retreating hailstorm is very characteristic. Their large size permits them to acquire great velocity while falling, and this makes a hailstorm destructive. The prevailing theory as to the formation of hail is that powerful ascending air currents carry raindrops and ball snow upward, where they are frozen and chilled, forming bodies on which rapid condensation takes place when they fall to a warm and moist stratum below. This theory explains the layering of structure often found, but does not explain the angularity of many hailstones.

### Honesty Rewarded.

A charming story of a working girl's good fortune comes from High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, England. A few days ago the girl saw something fall from a passing motor car. She immediately signaled to the occupants, who turned back, and when she handed up the "find" a sovereign was placed in her hand, to her great amazement. When asked what she would have done had she not attracted their attention, the girl said she would have taken the package to the police. The party thereupon took her for a trip to London and back to Oxford, and in the end presented her with a gold watch and chain.

### Turning Night Into Day.

When the doors opened in the little Indiana theater a farmer wandered in and looked around.

"Ticket, please," said the doorkeeper.

"The only thing I've got agin these here op'rys," said the Hoosier as he walked away, "is that they don't begin till bedtime."—Success Magazine

# Onlooker WHEN THE APPLES REDDEN



They are long, calm days of the summer time  
When the world moves on in a sleepy rhyme,  
And the stars at night have a patient creep  
As they lift themselves through the deep—  
They are long, calm days, and the nights are still,  
And the locusts' sweet blows across the hill,  
There's a sun-ray-sense through the live-long week,  
When the red comes into the apple's cheek.

When the apple's cheek takes its first red tint  
Then the brook-breeze breathes with the breath of mint,  
And the grapes grow plump in the sun and rain  
And the clover-tang drifts adown the lane,  
And the sky is blue as the far-off sea,  
While the clouds are white as soul could be—  
We have found the good that we fain would seek,  
When the red comes into the apple's cheek.

When the apple's cheek shows its first blush,  
There's a lazy peace in the noonday's hush,  
And the swirls of dust in the road die down—  
But there is no roar of the noisy town,  
And there is no clang of the busy street,  
But the good world rests to its low pulse-beat  
When the blush creeps on in a wine-stained streak  
As the red comes into the apple's cheek.

There's a dappled shade on the orchard grass  
And a shadowed laugh as the breezes pass;  
And the work-world seems to be leagues away  
In a place we knew in some other day,  
For the flowers nod as we walk along,  
And the crystal air is a breathed-in song—  
And the year's best time is the wonder-week,  
When the red comes into the apple's cheek.

### A Fine Distinction.

"Pap," said Mrs. Meddergrass, "there was a feller here today that said he was a pedestrian tourist from New York. I 'cused him o' bein' a tramp, but he claimed he was writin' magazine articles about the country roads. Is there any difference between a pedestrian tourist and a tramp?"

"Near as I can figger," answered Mr. Meddergrass, "a pedestrian tourist is a man who asks how far it is to the next town an' then hangs around till you ask him to eat, an' a tramp is a man who asks you to feed him an' hangs around till you chase him to the next town."

### As It Sounded.

"And were the school exercises pleasant this afternoon?" asks the fond mother to the dimpled child.  
"O, yes, mamma," responds the little one, "specially Willie Green's piece that he recited about the dogs making love."

"The dogs making love?"

"Yes, m. That one about 'Tis sweet to hear the watch dogs on a spars bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home.'"

### Correct.

"Gentlemen," said the professor who held the chair of confidence in the Get Rich Quick college, "when you see a man from the rural districts counting a roll of money on the street and gazing interestedly at the tall buildings, what is the proper thing to do?"

"He is," was the response, which came in chorus from the class.

### Unappetizing.

It was some time after they had moved out of Eden.

Eve was repeating her opinion of what might have been if Adam had not developed such an appetite for apples and then blamed everything on her.

"O," growled Adam, "I'm getting mighty tired of this eternal apple sauce!"

### Immunity.

"Kitty Flirtleigh says she already has become engaged to fifteen men."

"Yes. But I knew her when she was a child. She was vaccinated twenty times and it never took."

—Theodor Dreiser.

# POULTRY

## FRESH WATER FOR POULTRY

Simple Wholesome Arrangement Is Shown in Illustration, Insuring Clean Drinking Vessel.

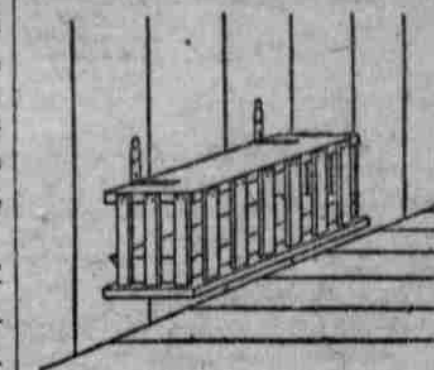
One of the difficult problems for the poultrymen to solve is how to easily provide pure, fresh water for his fowls. Many patent fountains which are on the market are automatic and keep before the fowls a certain quantity. Under certain conditions these fountains serve an admirable purpose. Under more adverse conditions many of these patent contrivances fail to give satisfaction for the simple reason that it is impossible to keep them clean.

If fowl were fed only whole grain and the weather was always cool, it would be a comparatively easy matter to provide satisfactory automatic drinking fountains, but as soft food forms a considerable portion of the diet for laying hens and fattening fowls, these fountains are necessarily more or less fouled and in warm weather soon become unfit for use as drinking fountains on account of the tainted water and disagreeable odor.

A simple wholesome arrangement may be made as follows: Place an ordinary milk pan on a block or shallow box, the top of which shall be four or five inches from the floor. The water or milk to be drunk by the fowl is to be placed in this pan.

Over the pan is placed a board cover supported on pieces of lath about eight inches long, nailed to the cover so that they are about two inches apart, the lower ends resting upon the box which forms the support of the pan.

In order to drink from the pan it will be necessary for the fowls to in-



Clean Drinking Fountain.

sert their heads between these strips of lath. The cover over the pan and the strips of lath at the sides prevent the fowl from fouling the water in any manner, except in the act of drinking.

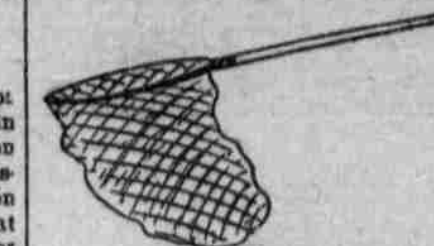
Where drinking pans of this kind are used, it is very easy to cleanse and scald them with hot water as occasion demands.

This arrangement can be carried a little further by placing a pan, or what would be still better, a long narrow dish, something like a tin bread tray, on a low shelf a few inches from the floor, and binging the cover to one side of the poultry house so that it can be tipped up in front for the removal of the dish or for filling it with water. Whatever device is used, it must be easily cleaned and of free access to the fowls at all times.

## EASY TO CAPTURE CHICKENS

Long-Handled Net, Made Out of Old Hammock, Does Away With Chasing Fowls Around Yard.

Who has not seen the farmer, his wife, the hired man, and one or more children engaged in the exciting chase for the chicken which is to be served for the family dinner? All around the yard, over the fence, under the barn, through the garden, until somebody luckily falls upon it. An easier way is to make a long-handled net, using a sound, well made barrel hoop. An



Chicken Net.

old hammock makes a fine net for this purpose. The net should be about two feet deep. Lay it down, mouth up, put a few grains of corn on top, pretend you are looking the other way, and when a chicken steps on the net to pick up the corn lift it suddenly, tip it slightly to one side, and you have the fowl safe. If you are particularly expert, the net may be dropped down over the bird.

### Handling Ducks and Geese.

Always handle ducks and geese by their necks and never by the legs, as fowls are handled, for these limbs are not strong enough to serve as handles and will readily break.

### War on Lice.

Make continual war on the lice if your poultry house is infested with them. If free from them, see to it that your premises are kept free.